# THE PORT FOLIO.

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. III.] [No. 23.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1803.


## ORIGINAL PAPERS.

*FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

## THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

### No. LXII.

To noontide shades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook, with sleep inviting sound:
Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,
Amid the broom, he bask'd him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomile are found:
There would he *linger*, till the latest ray
Of light sat trembling on the welkin's bound;
Then homeward, through the twilight shadows stray,
*Sauntering* and slow. So had he passed many a day.
Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they past:
For oft the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd
Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,
And all its native light at once reveal'd:
Oft, as he travers'd the cerulean field,
And mark'd the clouds that drove before the wind,
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.

THOMSON.

Yesternoon, I was so much annoyed by the dust of the city, and so weary of doing nothing, that, leaving my manuscripts in the care of Listless, not without some terror that he would fall asleep over his snuff box and çigar, and singe my speculations, I called my dog Carlo, and with an English crab-stick in my hand, and Johnson's Idler in my pocket, rambled some miles into the country.

I found my shattered spirits wonderfully refreshed in the course of this pedestrian excursion. I often paused to hearken to the birds, or a waterfall, and once deviated some miles from the highway, in quest of a wide prospect. I employed, or wasted an hour in perusing the incidents of an ant hill, and diverted my melancholy by entering, with a shew of spirit, into the gambols of certain lambs, that bounded along the champain before me. In despite of my habitual laziness, I climbed a decayed pear tree, for the sake of peeping into a bird's nest, the eggs in which I was very careful not to discompose; and a curious Echo accosting me, as I was clambering over some lofty rocks, I entered, with great sociability, into a long dialogue with this aerial personage. The clemency of the sky, the freshness of the furrows, the wholesomeness of *buxom* air, and the soft green of the pastures and trees inspired such complacency, that I soon entered into a treaty of amity with myself, and passed an act of temporary oblivion to every care.

It is incident to every enthusiastic rover over hill and dale, to walk, in the same eccentric style, in which the knights of ancient chivalry used to ride. They know nothing of the economy of an excursion, and lay down no rule for their rambles. They set out on an expedition in a freak, and they finish their adventures by accident. They put very little bread and cheese in their pockets, not to mention money and other necessaries. They pursue their devious path, and leave all calculations of the proper stages to bait and sleep at, to be settled by very honest and accurate people, who are not yet admitted into the order of knights *errant*. Hence, I have often known a horse, of tolerable understanding, more sharp sighted than his rider to discern a house of entertainment; and when I, or any of my tribe, walk into the country, we find no *clock in the forest*, and Time knows we carry no watches in our fobs. A long Forenoon and Hunger generally admonish us to reflect upon the when and where of dinner, and the shades of deepening twilight beget the kindred ideas of darkness, gloom and sleep.

I had wandered, I know not how long, on the romantic banks of the Schuylkil, when, just as I had finished the history of Dick Linger, several drops of rain, pattering on the pages of the Idler, suggested the propriety of seeking a shelter from a violent shower, which now began to drench the woods. In rather more hurry and bustle, than comports with my gentle system, I dashed through the thicket, and discovered a villa before me. Necessity and a wet jacket often urge a man to unceremonious and abrupt actions, and I valiantly lifted the knocker on the gate of this mansion, though I was an utter stranger to its inhabitants. The servant conducted me into a hall, in which, highly to my satisfaction, I saw every appearance of good company, and good cheer. It was four o'clock, and a small party were lifting the first spoonfuls of soup to their mouths. In the lowly tone of that submissive courtesy, which the awkwardness of the situation modulated, I told the master of the feast, that heedlessness and an imperious cloud had driven me into the presence of one, on whose hospitality I must make an instant draft, and repayment must be risqued on the dubious faith of a stranger. "Kindness, sir, he smilingly replied, makes no such conventions. You are welcome to partake of my fare, and join the jollity of my friends—James, give the gentleman a glass of Madeira, and tell them, in the kitchen, to make much of his dog." The warmth of this reception, the inspiration of a few bumpers, and the restorative power of ham and chicken, soon enabled me to look around, and serenly scrutinize the features of the company. At the bottom of the table, among a group of merry faces, I descried the jovial visage of my old acquaintance, Ned Rattler; and at the same instant he recognized me by the languor of my air, and the wanness of my complexion. "Gentlemen, (says Ned), this is a fortunate meeting. This is Mr. Saunter, a decayed gentleman, and desultory essayist, who is most periodically careless of periods, and punctually forgetful of tasks and appointments. Possibly some of you may remember his brief speculations, that peradventure might appear once a quarter. They were not much relished by the critics, who used to say that the paper of the Spectator was broader than his, by two inches, and that he fell short many a fathom of the depth of the Rambler. However, he will talk, though he hates to write, and you will find he loves to loll over the table, better than to loll at his desk."

An introduction so quaint, made us merry and convivial. Conversation was loquacious, and Wit on the alert. "Sir, says a gentleman, whom I shall distinguish by the name of Benvolio, will you favour us with a narrative of your excursion from Philadelphia to this forest. It is only a space of four miles, and yet I can imagine you had as many adventures as Don Quixote in the Brown Mountain, or Sterne, sentimentally journeying through the vineyards of France, and gazing at the liquid blue in the wanton eyes of Nannette."

To a request, expressed in such a civil style, I gave no denial; and when I had recounted to Benvolio and his friends the circumstances of my walk, I looked narrowly at my querist, and saw in his legible face all the lines of originality and thinking. When he spoke, his soul was transparent, and the swelling veins of his forehead, and the flashes of his vivid eyes,

"As the sparkles of a glancing star,"

proclaimed, at once, the character of his temperament, and the character of his mind. "Sir, said he, with vivacious energy, you belong to the *marching* regiment of Rousseau. You are a legitimate pedestrian. You have your horses always harnessed, and you ramble with pilgrim feet in the true eccentric style. Sir, I drink to our better acquaintance. I like a man, who disdains to creep along the hedges of the highway, but leaps the fences to enjoy a brisker breeze, or an ampler prospect.

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend,
God never made his work for man to mend.

I dare affirm that you can meditate more under these old chesnuts, than in your chamber, and that you can pause from the chase of a butterfly, to take up the thread of a speculation. Walking enlivens the spirits. You think with greater labour when your body is at rest. When you run about, like a colt in the meadows, your mind, too, gallops faster than ordinary. An eloquent Genevese has told us that he never existed so completely, never lived so thoroughly, never was so much himself, as in those journies made on foot. For myself, I pass most of my Summer hours in the shade of these woods, and project many a scheme in the broad sunshine. At the side of yonder brook I have laid the plan of some of my poems, and, like Johnson, in his journey to the Hebrides, I have often, as I reposed on a bank, resolved to write a narrative of what I have seen, and what I have felt."

"It is now seven o'clock, says he, rising and looking for his hat, I have an appointment with the new Moon, to survey with her the extent of an evening landscape; and there is a far off torrent, whose wild music on the mountains I have long promised to listen to."

Our host, who remarked my asking eyes and air, gratified me, in a short conversation after his guests had retired, with a sketch of this original. You see, says he, his character by a sudden glance. He is an enthusiast, a projector,

and a poet. His *day* dreams are perpetual. He sallies out in the morning, in the spirit of knighthood, and gains some remote site for his airy speculations. After heating his imagination with *ideal opiates*, he sits down

> Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
> Upon the brook, that brawls along the wood.

He there surrenders himself to all the illusions of the magical mind. From the quickness of his conceptions, and a certain nimbleness and alertness of fancy, he passes in review the boldest, the most novel, and the most picturesque scenes, and causes every brilliant object to flit before the mental eye, as you have seen the Chinese shades by a candle light exhibition. When he has sufficiently recreated himself by gazing at the gorgeous phantoms of his creative mind, he then, with all the hurry, and all the hopes of an alchymist, begins the work of *projection*. In the literary world there is no province but what he has intended, on some future day, to visit. In the political, there is no form of government which he has not designed to new model. He has written the arguments to twelve or twenty-four books, in half a score of epic poems, not a couplet of which will he ever frame. He invents fables for tragedies, and has a common-place book of good things for many a comedy, but has brought nothing upon the stage. Enter his study, and you will instantly associate, with your survey of the pell mell confusion of his papers, the descriptive lines of the satyrist,

> Round him much embrio, much abortion lay,
> Much *future* ode, and *abdicated* play.

As he, in his peculiar manner, has told us, he passes much of his time, in fine weather, *sub dio*, and often, like the huntsman in Horace, careless of cold, "Manet sub Jove frigido."

> "His liberal walks no season can confine,
> Or to the cloister'd gallery, or arcade."

He has explored every wood, and paced every valley in the neighbourhood. Sometimes you may observe him for a whole forenoon gliding in a boat on the Schuylkill, for no other purpose than to see the fish play, or the reflection of some sylvan image from the glassy surface. He is remarkably mild and merciful, in all his dealings with the inferior orders of being; and Soame Jenyns and Cowper are his oracles of humanity.

He is upon excellent terms with the dogs of the family, and several pigeons, in his vicinity, make it a point, whenever they see him, to perch upon his shoulder in token of good will to their indulgent friend. He makes frequent visits to the dove cote, and the poultry yard, and, as his pocket is well stored, with corn, they always receive him with acclamations. He lives in friendship with the flocks and herds, and carries milk to many a grateful kid, and occasionally refreshes a weary ox with a tid bit of fragrant clover. If he should die, or ramble to foreign parts, he would be sadly missed by the horses in the stable, and the hen and chickens in the yard.

As I was musing on my way homeward, I fell into a profound contemplation on the character of this humourist, and regretted, with the suspiration of melancholy, that a man, capable of so much, should perform so little. I was going on to make excuses for such a character, when the greater shadows of evening falling fast, and the din of the city, now ringing in my ears, suggested that it was late, and that my walk was at an end.

## POLITICS.

[The truth of the third paragraph in the ensuing article has been already verified in many of the United States. *News-papers*, conducted upon *old fashioned* principles, have restrained popular excess, and nourished Public Virtue].

## THOUGHTS ON THE TIMES.

[CONTINUED.]

There is nothing left us but to cling to our republican constitution. Monarchy needs many things of which we have none. The alternative is Republicanism or Military Despotism. We have not the temper nor the materials to stop at limited monarchy, of which the Democrats are so much afraid; but we must proceed to BONAPARTISM, of which they are so little afraid; a form of Government, in which new remedies are new evils; and every change is for the worse.

Is nothing to be done? On the contrary, does not the crisis demand that we should do all that can be done? Has any man a right to say, exertions in your proposed way will be unavailing, unless he shew how they may be made with more effect in some other way? States are not saved by taking a nap. Ten ages of mob-violence first, and then of Militia-Despotism await us. And shall we not exert all the talent, learning, zeal and wit which belong to our party, before we pronounce that our fate is decreed and irresistible? our efforts are wanted for our vindication, no less than for our safety.

My belief is, that the federal newspapers, always supplied with stock by able men, will always be able to correct misrepresentations, to detect lies, to explain, to enforce and to animate; to exhort, from principles clearly and *takingly* stated, and illustrated by Greek, Roman and *French* examples, would keep *New-England* right. *New-York* would be divided. Events, as they pass, would afford occasion for us to avail ourselves of them. Time is a Federalist and a friend to truth. In a word, if the federal party can save itself, it will save the country.

Hitherto little has been done on plan The effusions, which have appeared in this part of the country, are supposed to be more deliberate than they really are, and the attention they attract is a confirmation to me of the effect which better and more systematic labors would produce. I have entertained the thought of shewing, that the late war was not waged against *France* by coalesced kings, but that it was a war of *France*, on a *plan of ambition* against those kings, especially against the king of *Great-Britain*; that it was not *Republicanism*, that it was not *liberty* nor the *cause of liberty*; that it failed because it was impossible it should succeed; that democratic power is *tyranny* in the principle, the beginning, progress and the end; that the English revolution and our's have no analogy to that of *France*, and that our Democrats are going on upon the French plan *after* it was hopeless and *France* had failed in it.

Is it not possible for a few men of sound minds and extensive influence to impress others and all Federalists, with a belief of the fact, that Jacobinism is getting ready to reign as a destroyer; that Paine already censures the singleness of the executive, and would make our government a mobocracy. Mr. Eppes, has published like opinions; *Virginia* ever did and ever will hold them dear. We shall, therefore, expect to see our government amended into a system of States, an Oligarchy or Junto Government, with a preamble of morals and a statute book full of laws for fraud, rapine and proscription. Armies, fleets, taxes, credit, banks, courts, are to go; and specific taxes will soon be devised to produce emigrants and legal confiscation. There is scarcely an extreme, that, to my belief, they do not seem to have anticipated, and prepared the means of executing.

## AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

*FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

*FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.*

Mr. GILPIN, in the preface to "Sermons preached to a Country Congregation," a work which, whether we regard the utility of its objects, or the elegant simplicity of its style, cannot be too warmly recommended, says—

"It was long the author's practice when he *walked about his parish*, and afterwards, when from ill health, he was able only to *walk into his garden and fields*, to take with him, in a memoradum book, a text or two of scripture, which he had before chosen, on account of some observation which he thought arose from it; or some objections which he thought might be answered. The author enters into this detail with a modest view of being of service to such of his younger brethren, as will pursue the mode of exercise which he here prescribes. At first, it may be difficult to fix the mind on any subject of meditation, amidst a variety of external objets. But a *habit of thinking abroad* will soon be formed; and when it is formed, the practice will certainly be followed with great advantage. If the young student spend two hours in a day in walking exercise, he will, by this practice, save to his studies at least seven hundred hours in a year.

But he will say, perhaps, it is too great a tax upon his mind in quest of amusement; and may deprive him of its end.

Scholars will sometimes tell him that even a *severe* study is a relaxation from another *severe* study, as it gives the mind a different ply. But in the employment here recommended, no intensity of thought is required. He only puts down what first strikes him, on a subject of which he had before a general conception. When the subject grows intricate, or when thoughts do not naturally, or, if I may so speak, *amusingly* flow from it, he is under no necessity to proceed, he may drop it and take another subject.

Nor is he so tied down to his subject, as not occasionally to look around him, and enjoy the beauties of nature, if any offer themselves in his walk. Indeed, so enlivening a mode of study, if the day be fine, and the country agreeable, will give his mind an elasticity and vigour which he could not feel in his study.

The whole then amounts only to this; that to render our walks not only more useful, but even more amusing. we should always have some pleasing employment at hand.

The author recommends to his younger brethren, his mode of composing sermons with *diffidence*; but he recommends this mode of exercise with *confidence*."

This mode of study reminds me of the ancient sect of Peripatetics, who used to study when *walking*. I confess I am much captivated with this plan of reading and thinking in the *open air*. Let the melancholy monk mope in his cloister; let the austere hermit pine in his cell; let Euripides write tragedy in a cave; and Dr. Watts *meditate his minstrelsy* in a dark room—I love to convert the ledge of a rock into a desk, and find a study under every shade. The flowers of rhetoric are never more admired, than when one sits on a flowery bank; and in a grove of old oaks, it is delicious at once to attend to the scenes of Shakespeare, and hearken to the melody of the birds. This is a happy and healthful mode of calling out mental power, and

> This, *my life, remote from public haunt*,
> Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> *Sermons* in stones, and good in every thing.

—

In a private letter to David Garrick, Dr. Smollet expresses the following opinion, of which every man who looks an instant at the puppet-shew of this world, will feel the truth:—

I am old enough to have seen and observed, that we are all play-things of fortune, and that it depends upon something as insignificant and precarious as the tossing up of a halfpenny, whether a man rises to affluence and honours, or continues to his dying day, struggling with the difficulties and disgraces of life.

—

Of the constitutional cheerfulness of Sterne, Dr. Moore finely observes, that he never allowed disease to tinge the objects which came in his way, either with sable or sickly green. He danced with Death a merrier dance than any of those painted by Holben, or than any other person ever had with such a partner. When Death knocked at his door in London, Yorick flew to the banks of the Garonne, and although the frightful spectre was clattering at his heels, this fellow of *infinite jest*, of *most excellent fancy*, preserved his good humour and pleasantry the whole way, as completely as the gayest of the gay inhabitants of the country.

—

That is a striking passage in Smollet's Roderick Random, which pleasantly describes the nationality of *Strap*, the faithful Caledonian barber. Random had rashly loaned a small sum to a young fellow in desperate circumstances. Strap, when apprized of this indiscreet measure, expresses some chagrin that implicit credit should have been given to the protestations of a stranger. But, adds he, *if you are sure he is a Scotchman*, I believe *you are safe!*"

—

THOMSON, in one of those fits of misplaced enthusiasm, in which every unfledged youth sees, or thinks he sees, a gorgeous picture of Freedom, licentiously attired, wrote a prolix historico-poetico declamation, called LIBERTY. This is the only part of the works of that delightful writer that I never read. Whenever I approach this same *Liberty*, I always feel under the influence of poppies and *drowsy syrups*. By a sort of mechanical impulse, I instantly close my aching eyes. Whenever this abused and cheating Liberty is praised, I always *sit with sad civility*, and whenever I see the drab roaming the streets, I always wish that some *voice potential* would read the *riot*-act to her, and order her to disperse.

—

The original of the following Ode is one of the sweetest in HORACE. The Poet courts Tyndaris, one of his mistresses, to his villa, which was most delectably situated at the base of Lucretile, a mountain in the territory of the Sabines. He strives to entice his charmer to accept the invitation, by delineating the beauties of the landscape and dwelling, in the festal tone, on the gaiety of the convivial society she will meet at his mansion. He promsises the fair one that she shall be regaled with light Lesbian wine, and shielded from the rude approach of a boisterous lover. It is very finely translated by Mr. BOSCAWEN.

Oft nimble-footed Faunus strays
  To blest Lucretile's retreat;
Protects my favoured herds, allays
  The stormy winds, the baneful heat.

Safe in his tutelary power,
  The offensive he-goat's wandring spouse
Crops wild thyme, in the fragrant bower,
  Or on the arbutus loves to browse.

My unprotected kids assail
  No prowling wolves or speckled snakes;
Whene'er Ustica's sloping vale
  To dulcet sounds, my lyre awakes.

Pleased with the praise my songs bestow,
  The Gods my pious cares return;
Hence, rural gifts spontaneous flow,
  From smiling Plenty's copious urn.

Here Tyndaris, at ease repos'd,
  Avoid the dog-star's sultry air;
Sing chaste Penelope, oppos'd
  To beauteous Circe, frail as fair.

Here Lesbian wine beneath the shade,
  Shall please thee, innocently gay;
Nor Bacchus with stern Mars, invade
  Our peace, and wake the angry fray.

Here, no rude Cyrus shall affright
  With teazing jealousy thy breast,
Seize thee, unequal to the fight
  Thy garland tear, or rend thy vest.

## BIOGRAPHY.

[The following extraordinary life of a child of an astonishing prematurity and versatility of genius, assisted by the most ardent application, has almost the air of a miracle.]

FROM THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE, NOV. 1802.

*Account of Thomas Williams Malkin, a child of extraordinary attainments, who lately died at Hackney.*

In a former Obituary we had occasion to notice the death of Thomas Williams Malkin, at the early age of six years and nine months. The bare mention of such an event would in an ordinary case, be deemed sufficient: but we cannot pass over a circumstance which equally arrests the attention of the moralist and the sympathy of the philanthropist, without observing how suddenly and unexpectedly the brightest prospects vanish, which depend on the precarious tenure of human life, however bright and promising the dawn of intellect....however encouraging the appearances of corporeal stability. With respect to the uncommon child whose early fate we have to lament, the extent of his attainments may excite surprize, and possibly in some minds doubt, yet we have well authenticated accounts of juvenile proficiency; and in the present instance there are many and most respectable witnesses to attest, that an amiable disposition and superior talents were never united in a more distinguished manner, than in the subject of this biographical sketch. His knowledge of the English language was correct and copious, and his expression, whether in speaking or writing, remarkable as well for fertility as selection. In the Latin he had proceeded so far as to read with ease the more popular parts of Cicero's works. He had made some progress in French; and was so thorough a proficient in geography, as not only to be able, when questioned, to particularize the situation of the principal countries, cities, rivers, &c. but to draw maps from memory, with a neatness and accuracy which would scarcely be credited but by those who are in possession of the specimens. Without any professional assistance, he had acquired considerable execution in the art of drawing; and some of his copies from Raphael's heads, though wanting the precision of the academy students, evinced a fellow feeling with the stile and sentiment of the originals, which seemed likely, had he pursued it, to have ranked him with the more eminent professors of the art.

But the most striking feature in his character was a strength of intellect, and rapidity of comprehension on all subjects, independent of those to which his studies were immediately directed, which increasing with his growth, seemed likely in manhood to have placed more within his reach than it usually falls to the lot of humanity to grasp at. He united, in a remarkable manner, the solid and the brilliant; for the powers of his memory kept pace with those of his understanding and imagination; and the character of his mind may be comprized in these few but comprehensive words.. that he remembered whatever he had once known, and could do whatever he had once seen done.

But it may not be uninteresting to particularize the periods of his short life, at which the leading traits of his character first presented themselves to observation. He was familiar with the alphabet long before he could speak, not only as exhibited on counters, a practice very judicious, because very enticing to children, but as expressed in books, to which from seeing them constantly about him, he shewed an early partiality. At the age of three years, on his birth-day he wrote his first letter to his mother; and though it contained nothing but short expressions of affections, he soon afterwards began to write in a stile and on subjects to which childhood in general is a total stranger: and this practice of writing his sentiments on all subjects he perseveed in with a continually encreasing expansion and improvement, both as to matter and manner, which we regret that our limits will not allow us to authenticate by specimens. At the time of which we are speaking, three years old he could not only read and spell with unfailing accuracy, but knew the Greek characters, and would have attempted the language, had not the caution of his parents, in this instance, discouraged the forwardness of his inclination. When he was five, he had made considerable advances in Latin as well as in all the other studies which he pursued so successfully for nearly two years longer. His study of Latin in particular was far removed from that mechanical routine, by which scholars of more advanced age too frequently proceed. His comparison of the idiom and construction with those of his own and the French languages, his acuteness in tracing the etymology, and detecting the component parts of words, hunting them through English and French, and enquiring the forms they assumed in Greek and Italian, with which he was acquainted, proved him to have possesed a mind peculiarly calculated for philological enquires. Nor was his attention confined to words: he never passed over any passage, the style or subject of which was obscure or difficult without such an explanation as satisfied his doubts: nor did he ever suffer errors of the press, even the trifling ones of punctuation, to escape, without detecting and correcting them with a pencil he kept for the purpose. Notwithstanding these studious inclinations, he was a child of manly corporeal structure, of unusual liveliness and activity. He was by no means grave in his disposition, except in the pursuit of knowledge, from which, however, active sports were generally successful in detaching him: but the bane of all improvement, both of mind and body, indolence, and the habit of lounging, where totally excluded from the catalogue of his pleasures.

But as mere description, unassisted by anecdote, seldom conveys a lively and accurate idea of character; it will not, we hope, be thought impernent to mention an observation or two, which may serve to illustrate the turn of his mind. On being told by a lady that she would send for him the following day, when he should draw as much as he pleased, he said, "I wish to morrow would come directly." After a short pause, he said, Where can to-morrow be *now?* It must be somewhere; for every thing is in some place."

After a little further reflection he said, "Perhaps to morrow is in the sun." On meeting with the following aphorism: "Learning is not so much esteemed by wise men as it is despised by fools;" he said: "I think the person who wrote that sentence was himself very foolish; for wise men esteem learning as much as possible, and fools cannot despise it more."

But the most singular instance in which he displayed fertility of imagination, united with the power of making every thing he met with in books and conversation his own, was his invention of an imaginary country called Allestone of which he considered himself as King. It resembled Utopia, though he had never heard of that celebrated political Romance. Of this country he wrote the history, and drew a most curious and ingenious map, giving names of own inven-

tion to the principal cities, mountains, rivers, &c. And as learning was always the object of his highest respect, he endowed it most liberally with universities, to which he appointed professors by name, with numerous statutes and regulations, which would have reflected no disgrace on graver founders.

But though in the progress of his short life he was continually laying up stores of knowledge, apparently for purposes which the event proved, were never to be fulfilled; his last illness which he supported with a patience and fortitude almost unexampled, amply evinces that he knew how to apply the treasures he had acquired to the solace and relief of his own mind, under circumstances of trial and suffering. He frequently beguiled the tedious hours of a sick-bed with the recollections of what he had read, seen, or done in the days of health; and little points of interest or information, which might have been supposed to have made a transient impression were as much present to his mind as when they first engaged his attention. When a blister was applied to his stomach, he observed, that from the appearance of it he supposed it corresponded with what he had seen called a cataplasm: and one day when he was at the worst, he desired to know the meaning of the phrase "a still born child," which he had once seen in an inscription on a tombstone, though he said the inscription itself was too poor to be worth remembering. He often talked of the period of his recovery, but never with impatience; and the triumph of mind over body continued so complete to the last, that he looked up with interest and pleasure at the dissected maps within half an our of his dissolution Without entering with unnecessary minuteness into the nature of his disorder, it will be interesting to parents in general to be informed, that it afforded no confirmation of the common idea, that early expansion of intellect is unfavourable to the continuance of life. In consequence of the remarkable form his head, which had been much admired, especially by artists, some doubts have been suggested, that rendered it desirable to have the head as well as the body examined. From the result of this investigation it appeared, that the brain was unusually large, and in the most perfect and healthy state: that the disorder, as it was uniformly considered to have been, was in the stomach, and had received all relief that medical skill and the most anxious attention could afford: and there was more than ordinary probability, from the vigour of his constitution, and the well proportioned formation of his body, of his arriving at manhood, but for one of those accidents in the system, to which the old and infirm, are equally exposed.

His illness lasted from the first to the thirty-first of July; a period which, under such severe sufferings, none but a naturally strong patient could have reached. On the morning of the thirty-first his medical friends, Dr. Lister and Mr. Toulmin, saw him, and conversed with him, as he with them, after their usual manner; and though they had given little or no encouragement for many days, they did not, on their last visit. such was the collected state of his mind, and strength of his spirits, apprehend his dissolution to be so near. Soon after 11 o'clock he appeared much exhausted; his breathing became very difficult, his voice, which through his illness had been strong and clear, began to faulter. Still, however he was firm and composed, without the slightest appearances of dissatisfaction or alarm; he talked at intervals with the most perfect consistency....with his accustomed powers and usual kindness for those about him till he could no longer utter a sound. In a few minutes after he ceased to articulate, and a little before twelve o'clock, he sunk without a struggle or a groan, exciting more admiration under circumstances from which humau nature is apt to revolt, than when in the full career of mental and bodily improvement.

Thus ends the short history of a child, whose mind, though his years were few, seemed to have arrived at maturity. His powers of understanding, of memory, of imagination, were all remarkable; and the reasonableness of his mind was such, that he always yielded his own to the wishes of his friends, as much from conviction as compliance: his disposition was as generous and amiable, as his talents were brilliant and universal; and there can be little doubt, that in after-life, whether he devoted the powers of his mind to the fine arts, to belles lettres, or to the severer studies, his success would have been preeminent, and would have placed him, in the estimation of the wise, whatever might have been his condition, high in the catalogue of worthy and useful members of society.

## EPISTOLARY.

[In the year 1771, Dr. Goldsmith was invited by that elegant scholar, Bennet Langton, Esq. the constant friend of Dr. Johnson, to spend a part of the autumn with him and his lady, the Countess of Rothes, at their seat in Lincolnshire. The following answer published by Mr. Langton's permission, gives us a very satisfactory account how our author was employed at that time, and some interesting particulars, concerning the mutual friends of the parties.

It was incident to Goldsmith as well as Savage, when a work was to be executed, to retire to a state of the most absolute seclusion. This was one of their *useful* habits. Retirement is obviously propitious to every author, and when his labour is accomplished, his relish for society will be heightened, by a short privaton of its pleasures. Dr. Goldsmith was at this time engaged in the composition of his charming Comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer, or the Mistakes of a Night." How well he employed his rural hours, can be attested by all the lovers of wit. It seems from a careful inspection of Goldsmith's habits and history, that most of his more elaborate works were written at a *farm-house*. His essays and his colloquial powers were naturally elicited in the city. This may be a useful hint to writers ambitious of fame, and yet lovers of their kind. They may usefully remember, that in privacy and peace, books may be most successfully composed, and that when the *task is featly done*, and the indulgence of whim, and the love of novelty and pleasure have been for a season restrained, then they may go into the market-place, and receive greetings at the corners of the streets.]

TO BENNET LANGTON, ESQ. AT LANGTON, NEAR SPILSBY, IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

MY DEAR SIR,

Since I had the pleasure of seeing you last, I have been almost wholly in the country, at a farmer's house, quite alone, trying to write a comedy. It is now finished, but when or how it will be acted, or whether it will be acted at all, are questions I cannot resolve. I am therefore so much employed upon that, that I am under the necessity of putting off my intended visit to Lincolnshire, for this season. Reynolds has just returned from Paris, and finds himself now in the case of a truant, that must make up for his idle time by diligence. We have therefore agreed to postpone our journey till next summer, when we hope to have the honour of waiting upon lady Rothes and you, and staying double the time of our late intended visit. We often meet, and never without remembering you. I see Mr. Beauclerc very often, both in town and country. He is now going directly forward to become a second Boyle; deep in chymistry and physic. Johnson has been down upon a visit to a country parson, Dr. Taylor; and is returned to his old haunts at Mrs. Thrale's. Burke is a farmer, *en attendant* a better place, but visiting about too. Every soul is a visiting about and merry, but myself; and that is hard too, as I have been trying these three months to do something to make people laugh. *Here have I been strolling about the hedges, studying jests with a most tragical countenance. The Natural History is about half finished, and I will shortly finish the rest. God knows I am tired of this kind of finishing, which is but bungling work; and that not so much my fault, as the fault of my scurvy circumstances. They begin to talk in town of the oppositions' gaining ground;† the cry of liberty is still as loud as ever. I have published, or Davies has published for me, an abridgement of the History of England, for which I have been a good deal abused in the newspapers, for betraying the liberties of the people. God knows I had no thought for or against liberty in my head; my whole aim being to make up a book of a decent size, that, as 'squire Richard says, would do no harm to nobody. However, they set me down as an arrant Tory, and conseqently an honest man.‡ When you come to look at any part of it, you will say that I am a sour Whig. God bless you, and with my most respectful compliments to her ladyship, I remain, dear sir,

Your most affectionate humble servant,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

*Temple Brick Court,*
*September 7, 1771.*

## EDUCATION.

### *FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

"Alas! in the delicate office of educating the heart, so many nice feelings are a necessary supplement to understanding, that few indeed are the minds adequate to the task!" H. LEE.

Education is a theme, which, by its evident importance, has employed the pens of many, who have been anxious to rescue it from the disgraceful neglect into which it has fallen: but notwithstanding their laudable endeavours, very little attention, comparatively speaking, has been paid to it. He who can silently mark each turn of Folly's wheel—each ebb and flow of Fashion's flood—will find this to be the case; and his bosom cannot avoid being agitated with conflicting emotions of regret and indignation, on observing the varied attempts to overthrow every system, which the wisdom of the "old school" has formed, for attaining a regular conduct through life, and erecting a domination of the principles of reason over those of prejudice: these efforts, pregnant with infatuation and folly, totter by their own absurdity, and must finally fall, unsupported by truth. The paths of literature, which, if early pursued, and adhered to with increasing devotion, would fill the mind with those virtues, necessary for qualifying future life for happiness and dignity, are neglected for fashionable follies, the enjoyment of which always leaves a sting behind. The overturning doctrines of the pre-

* This sentence is another striking proof of Goldsmith's *curiosa felicitas*.

† The passions of the London populace had been, at this time, blown into a flame of discord, by the inflammatory letters of Junius, that fomentor of faction, and by the profligate artifices of John Wilkes, a great scoundrel and a great patriot.

‡ Goldsmith, in compiling his History of England, was, according to his own declaration, probably unbiassed by any other motive than the love of fame; the wish for independence; and the honest desire of affording harmless pleasure. If the curious reader be solicitous to know what Goldsmith's real politics were, they may be very distinctly seen in the 21st chapter of the Vicar of Wakefield. When George Primrose, the gallant son of the worthy clergyman, is compelled, in the hour of adversity, to accept an ensign's commission, this is the close of the paternal benediction he received. "And now, my boy, thou art going to fight for thy country; remember how thy brave *grandfather* fought for his sacred king, when loyalty among Britons was a virtue. Go, my bo , and imitate him in all but his misfortunes if it was a misfortune, to die with Lord *Faulkland*. Go, and if you fall, though distant, exposed, and unwept by those that love you; the most precious tears are those, with which Heaven bedews the unburied head of a soldier."

sent enlightened age, are appearing to the acute observer to gain a false strength and extensive influence, by means of the fascinating appearance which they present to the generality of mankind. The greatest aim and highest boast of infidelity, is to inculcate in a treacherous manner, that ignorance is beneficial to man; as her infamous designs may, by this method, be easier accomplished. The numerous supporters of this doctrine, however, have recourse to sophistry for assistance, and they exclaim with triumphant exultation to their pupils,

"Why seek mysterious depths to know?
Knowledge is certainty of woe!"*

How degraded indeed is man, how perverted are his noble talents, without the numerous benefits of that knowledge, which is in the power of many to attain, but through an implicit acceptance of the opinions of others, and a tame acquiescence in following the multitude, they reject as destructive to their peace! An ancient writer was sensible of this, when he declared, that "man is merely a *living sepulchre* without science." His darkness is illuminated by no cheering beams, which might dispel the infatuation which lurks around him; he sees through a misty medium, the deceptive prospect; and malice inverts or magnifies her objects, as caprice may direct. It is a solemn truth, which all the host of infidels clothed with the armour of sophistry, can never be able to controvert, that Science combined with Religion, is the only condition which can render man capable of enjoying that degree of happiness, which this imperfect state of existence will admit. The advocates of ignorance may glory in their dreams of fancied joys; but man without knowledge, can never be empowered to view the scenes transacting around him, with the same degree of interest, as those whose minds are illumined by the clear light of truth. This position is evidently proved from the nature of his faculties; the possession of which, "sana mens in corpore sano," enables him to advance daily towards a state of perfection, both by the increase of his natural powers, and the acquisition of knowledge which promotes that increase. The disadvantages accruing from the state advocated by the sophists of the age, are likewise palpable to the most heedless observer. Ignorant even of physical causes, which possess so powerful an influence over him, he sees them unheeded; views their effects with a stupid stare, and has no relish for the rational enjoyment of beholding with inquisitive eye, natures' interesting scenes; or in fact, for any other laudable enquiry and pursuit. Discontented and peevish, persons of this description render themselves miserable by the indulgence of a thousand foolish whims, and endanger the happiness of others by their numerous vices. I do not wish to be understood here, as stating that science *alone* will enable man to avoid these evils, and enjoy the highest temporal felicity; far from it: this would approach too near the doctrines of the *moral* philosophers and demagogues. Knowledge without religion, the infernal spirits are said to possess in an eminent degree; as well those who dwell on earth in the shape of men, as those in the lower regions;—hence their incomparable cunning. It is manifest, therefore, that religion is the grand qualifying possession, which reduces all to one standard—universal peace. But the general voice of the factious spirit, at present, is to banish every thing which partakes of the nature of religion: it is so old-fashioned an article as to claim destruction from the sovereign people, wherever it is met with. The various *benefits* which have resulted to mankind, by persevering in this line of conduct, numbers have already had occasion to remark, and in all probability, they will continue to feel its effects. While the education of youth is so much neglected, and so perverted from *Reasons'* paths, evils of a serious nature must inevitably ensue. Mark the brightest characters which have adorned the stage of life! Were not the seeds which ripened into such a vivid hue, and brought forth such beautiful fruit, implanted in youth? Their maturity was fair, for the soil was good, and the cultivation assiduous; had the blasts of the demoralizing principles which now blow with poisonous breath like the suffocating vapour of the East, been permitted to assail them, their fragrance and their beauty would have been lost, and their benefits would have vanished from the eager view. Trust me, my readers,

"Content of spirit must from Science flow;
For 'tis a god-like attribute, to know."†

The numberless moral evils which encircle you, can never be resisted with sufficient power, without your guide and assistant is a steady peseverance in the paths of virtue and religion; and whatsoever you may be taught in the schools of infidelity, believe it to be a truth, that wisdom is the only safeguard against the powerful army of vices, which stalk with frenzied steps across the land. Exercise therefore your social feelings; give vigour and energy to those fine springs, which in their operation in the human character, produces much pleasure, and afford to the observer, its most beautiful and engaging traits; let *ignorance* no more throw a veil over the mind, to darken every pleasing scene; every smiling prospect, which it clouds with its malignant power, renders an instrument to pervert its noblest faculties, and make it disgusted with exertion. Be *wise*, and seek improvement and instruction, not in the rounds which Fashions' votaries unceasingly tread, and the dissipated sons of Pleasure seek with haggard eye, but in the peaceful delights of serious contemplation.

DENVILLE.

* Gisborne.

† Prior.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

*FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

The Rev. James Abercrombie, with that assiduity which characterizes him as an able and accomplished Preceptor, has published in an elegant and portable volume, the Elements of Elocution and of Natural History. These are excellent manuals, and we doubt not will prove as useful to the pupil, as they are honourable to the industry and learning of the author. On inspecting the type and paper of this neat volume, we again express our pleasure that Mr. Maxwell, attentive to his fairly earned reputation, is still sedulously careful of the correctness, and studious of the beauty of his press.

Messrs. Conrad and Co. of this city, have in the press, and will soon present to the public, a neat, portable, and cheap, edition of Don Quixote in Dr. Smollet's translation. By some strange omission, or unaccountable neglect, this fascinating romance from the pen of an author, who was at once the glory and reproach of Spain, has never been published in America.

The following annunciation of a new Review, upon a plan at once liberal and cheap, is from a late London paper. Mr. Aikin is an elegant, pure, and perspicuous writer. May we hope that his literature may not be corrupted by his prejudices, and that he will not bring to the task of a scholar the passions of an angry malecontent. His proper business will be an analysis of the national literature. The dangerous topics of the church and state he had better shun. The government and the religion of his country are not to be overthrown by *philosophic* force or fraud, but its literature may still be augmented and adorned; and, among the junior scholars of Great-Britain, Mr Aikin is well qualified for the accomplishment of tasks so salutary:—

"This day was published, and may be had gratis of all the booksellers in the united kingdom, a Prospectus of a new work, (the first volume of which will be published early in 1803) to be entitled "The Annual Review, or Register of Literature, to be continued annually—A. Aikin, editor: printed for T. N. Longman and O. Rees, Paternoster-row.——This work will form a handsome volume in royal octavo, printed on a fine yellow woven paper, in double columns. The plan of it admits of advantages that a monthly series cannot possess. The various publications will be divided into classes, each being preceded by a chapter, containing a history of its department of literature or science for the preceding year; and as no publication will be intentionally omitted, the articles must necessarily be more numerous than in any Monthly Review, and the space to be allotted to each separate work, can be more justly apportioned to its merits. In priority of notice also, this work will, upon the average, have considerably the advantage. Each volume will contain at least as much matter as is comprised in the three annual volumes of the other Reviews, and the price of it will not, it is expected, exceed half the annual subscription of them."

A great number of letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, have been lately recovered from an obscurity in which they had been concealed. They are recognised by her family, and other judges, as unquestionably genuine. They will be immediately published under the patronage of the Marquis of Bute. They are believed to exceed the merits of even the best of those by the same lady already in print, in the qualities of careless elegance, picturesque description, and lively shrewd remark.

Mr. W. Gifford is engaged in collating the works of Massinger.

Elegant editions of the "Algerine Captive," of "Edgar Huntley," and "Arthur Mervyn," have been re-printed in England. It is a fact, that more attention is paid to American productions abroad, than at home. These books are candidly criticised in some of the Literary Journals, and a strong disposition is manifested by the British Critics in general, to treat American Literature with delicacy and respect. The contrary has been asserted in many of our vulgar papers, but it is a *gross misrepresentation.*

## THE OLLA, No. X.

When the Ladies, at this genial season, permit the west wind to kiss their bosoms, and kindly lay aside their muslin to searching eyes, as well as sunbeams, a wag hints to the Fair, "That it is not only perilous to one sex, but unjust towards the other, to overheat the gentlemen, in cooling themselves."

When *John*, duke of Anjou, advanced towards Naples, with a large army to invade that city, he placed upon his colours these words of the Evangelist, "A man was sent, whose name was *John*." Alphonso of Arragon, who defended the city, answered him by a similar device—"He came, and they received him not."

A clergyman meeting a particular friend, asked him why he never came to *hear him preach*: He answered, "I am afraid of *disturbing your solitude.*"

When naked bosoms and protuberant waists were in fashion, an English clergyman archly observed, that he could not but consider the sex to be in the condition of other bodies, whose equilibrium of electrical fire being destroyed, are ready for explosion, as soon as they come into contact with a proper conductor. Thus their bosoms are charged with negative, and their waists with positive electricity ; a state as dangerous as can well be imagined, to the tranquility of their minds and safety of their persons.

A facetious writer observes, that if a man pubishes a book in this ostentatious age, he must call in the painter as well as the printer. A book is nothing without a portait of the author, with a globe by his side, two muses for secretaries, and a third flying off with proof-sheets to Parnassus. A splendid publication is hourly expected on the science of Boxing, with a likeness of Johnson, a silouette of Mendoza, and a *miniature* of *Big Ben.*

Once on the festival of St. Stephen, a monk was to deliver a panegyric on the saint, and it being late before he began, the priests, who feared that the preacher might detain them too long, begged him to abridge his discourse. The monk mounted the pulpit, and addressed his auditors, " Brothers, it is one year to day, since I delivered before you a panegyric on the saint, whose festival we celebrate. As I have not heard that he has *performed any thing new since*, I have nothing to add to the encomiums which I then passed upon him."

Of a man riding with his wife behind him on the same horse, it was wittily and classically said, " Post equitem sedet *atra cura.*"

An impertinent babler, seeing an author of celebrity often walk alone, said to him, one day, " Sir, how can you bear this solitude ?"—I had only begun to be alone, said the author, when you accosted me."

## MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

*FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

Miss Plumptree, who passed the last winter in the south of France, is preparing for the press a sketch of her excursions.

—

The Rev. I. Goldsmith, has prepared a Grammar of the first elements of Geography, the description and copper-plates attending which, have given an interest to the study of Geography which it never before possessed.

—

The new year has been distinguished by the commencement of two new daily papers, the proprietors of which are an association of the London and country booksellers. The title of the morning paper is " *The British Press*, and that of the evening paper is " *The Globe.*" Of all new undertakings, none are opposed by so many difficulties as daily newspapers. These are, however, now in a considerable degree surmounted ; and if *a committee composed of rival tradesmen*, can persuade themselves to act upon their ordinary principles of energy, and unite themselves in the common cause of literature, there is no doubt but the morning paper of the booksellers will prove every day more deserving of the preference of the public. No body of men have it more completely in their power to produce originality, literary excellence, early intelligence, and all the other essentials of a good newspaper, than the united body of London and country booksellers.

—

During the popedom of Boniface, a pilgrim was introduced to him, as being a remarkable resemblance both in face and figure. The Pope, looking at him, asked him " *If his mother had not been at Rome ;*" no, holy father, answered he, but my father has.

—

A servant, attending his sick master, took the opportunity in his affliction, of stealing his handkerchief ; the master caught him in the fact—" I only took the handkerchief," (said he) " *to dry up my tears !*"

—

Died, in an advanced age, Mrs. Fielding, widow of *Henry Fielding*, Esq. of high celebrity for his writings in the former part of the last century. [*London paper.*

—

An *indelible ink* is lately prepared by Mr. T. Sheldrake, in the Strand, London, from a solution of asphaltum in spirit of turpentine, to which is to be added so much of the solution of amber as will give it a due consistence, and the finish lamp black to give it colour. The addition of a small quantity of drying oil will increase the difficulty of obliteration.

—

Sound principles and wise politics have gained an accession of strength, in the recent establishment of a Gazette in the capital of South-Carolina, entitled the " Charleston Courier," a daily paper, conducted by Loring Andrews, Esq. The reputation of Mr. Andrews in this walk of life, is already well known and highly appreciated. He is no timid waverer in the cause of federalism, nor is his hope of reward, from his present occupation, grounded on any time-serving disposition towards " the powers that be."

—

It has been asserted, by an eminent writer, that of all the punishments which inventive tyranny or wanton cruelty could inflict, the most horrible and exquisite is continued solitude. If we apply this to the Pennsylvania system of punishment, we may have fresh reason to admire the generous humanity, no less than the profound policy of so exquisite and so judicious a scheme.

—

A merry writer in one of the latest periodical papers, who is disposed to sneer at the stuffing of those fashionable stocks, appropriately called puddings, thus advertises :—

" NECK OR NOTHING."

" The curious in Cravats are informed, that Nicholas Van Neck has prepared a new and unparalleled assortment of stuffing, capable of containing twelve shirts and two suits of clothes. They are admirably contrived, as in case of long sea voyages to Canton, the coast of Africa, or Botany-bay, to include a complete mattress, bolster, pillow, &c. Mr. Van Neck flatters himself that an object *so big* with so many conveniences, will necessarily meet with due encouragement."

—

Such is the rage for new inventions and improvements, that a pair of snuffers is as complicated as a cotton-mill, and a man must have a knowledge of mechanicks to put on his buckles. A wag observes, that the other day in visiting an acquaintance, he was obliged to ring the bell, to enquire how to knock at the door.

—

The London press, says a witty novelist, opens its mouth to swallow all things, from a Primer to an Encyclopedia, from Tom Thumb to Paradise Lost.

—

A periodical essayist, who is almost a stranger to my readers, thus merrily concludes his initial paper :

" I shall conclude this paper with a friendly and disinterested piece of advice to such of my fellow-subjects as are desirous of information, instruction, or entertainment. Secure my paper in time, for the demand will soon be too great to be complied with ; and those who take it in first shall, as in justice they ought, have the preference afterwards. My printer assures me it is impossible to print off above one hundred and ninety-three thousand of these papers in a week ; a very small proportion to the number of those, who will be solicitous to read them. For reckoning the people of this kingdom at eight millions, and deducting half that number for young children, blind people, and men of quality, who either cannot, or do not chuse to read, there will remain four millions of reading souls, of whom three millions eight hundred and seven thousand cannot have the satisfaction of reading this paper at the first hand, but must wait, with patience, for future editions. I do not say this from any sordid views of interest, which I am infinitely above, for I most solemnly protest, that I desire nothing for myself ; and that the immense profits of this paper shall be all distributed among my friends, the printer, the publisher, compositor, pressmen, and devils."

—

The following remark on the useful properties of *dullness*, is almost as true as it is pleasant. " Should I ever be extremely dull, I will not, as some of my predecessors have done, pretend it was design, for I protest I do not intend it. But in that case, I claim my share in the present general inclination to dullness, of being thought the wiser for it, and hope to meet with sympathetic nods of approbation from the most solid of my readers. Moreover, I shall go on the longer and the safer for it, dullness being the ballast of the mind, that fits it for a long voyage ; keeps it steady ; and secures it from the gusts of fancy and imagination.

—

Our democratic empirics are continually boasting of their sovereign cures for the madness of the sovereign people ; yet the sober and discreet portion of the State of Pennsylvania, were lately confounded by the curious spectacle of a *popular* legislature attempting, in a spirit of the blindest fanaticism and ignorance, to abrogate some of the wisest usages. Putting aside, for a moment, the consideration of the vice and infamy of such an attempt, its desperate folly deserves all the ridicule of wit, and all the corrosivenesss of satire. Among that gang of wittols and widgeons, among all those jolter heads, with scarcely sense enough to urge a mill, or hold a plough, there was not a man capable of understanding the elements of legislation, or of following the first lines of a politician. Such bears' paws, however, we are told, are strong to deface a house, though impotent even to erect a hovel.

—

The power of Poesy, to mitigate the stings of Affliction, is very prettily expressed in the ensuing couplets :—

The tranquil red-breast, both at night and morn,
Sings on the brambles' bough, nor heeds the thorn ;
So I, content amid the brakes of strife,
Lose, in the sweets of song, the thorns of life.

—

An eccentric Poet thus burlesques the hackneyed invocation of the Muses :—

" Aid me, ye Muses, in this trying hour,
Ye Muses nine, with all your ninefold power :
Were nine times nine your number, I could still
Find for each maid, a subject and a quill."

—

I have often remarked, says a facetious novelist, that giddy thoughtless people, though they are forever in the fire, are never burnt ; while your prudent well meaning folks, are constantly getting into some cursed scrape or other.

Low nonsense is like small beer in the barrel, which is altogether flat, tasteless, and insipid. High nonsense is like that in the bottle, which has in reality no more strength and spirit than the other, but frets and flies and bounces, and by the help of a little wind that is got into it, imitates the passions of a much nobler liquor.

—

The next time Garnerin, the hairbrained Aeronaut, goes up in his balloon, on a rainy day, we would recommend to one of the drenched bystanders to affix by way of motto to the parachute—

——udam
Spernit humum, fugiente penna.

—

The Duchess of Devonshire had an elegant compliment paid to her lately at Chatsworth, by a gentleman, who, after viewing the garden and the library, applied to her the words of COWLEY,

The *fairest garden* in her *looks*,
And in her *mind*, the *choicest books*.

[London Oracle.

—

*Longevity* is so frequent in *Norway*, that a clergyman, in a funeral oration, in that country, lately lamented the *untimely* death of a *Lady*, at *seventy-four years of age!* [ibid.

—

The broad prounciation of *a* in *Cato*, notwithstanding the strong recommendations of some *erudite* men, has failed. As Cato was some evenings ago uttered at Covent Garden, in somewhat of a *squalling* tone, a funny member of the gallery, disconcerted all those around him, by "*Cat*——o!" [ibid.

—

A gentleman is now employed in translating a book, on a very *economical* subject, from the *Dutch*, entitled, "Every man *his own undertaker!*" [ibid.

—

A player in Richard III. who had nothing to repeat but that passage, "My lord, stand back and let the *coffin pass*," when he came to say it, said, my lord, stand back, and let the *parson cough*.

—

We often hear of a steady sober man, who, walking along the street, apparently without a chance of meeting with an accident, has trod on a peashell, fell down and broke his leg, or that a chimney falling on his head, fractured his skull; at the same time, we see an impetuous hairbrained fellow mount a wild ungovernable horse, and ride over hedges and ditches for a day together, and never injure a limb. But so it is—Fortune is not notorious for favouring Wisdom, or any of her children.

—

The worst of Ovid's poetry, is that which he sent from Scythia, where never vine was planted. What were Anacreon's subjects, but grapes and roses? Every page of Pindar is redolent of wine, and Horace, when warmed with the mellow cask, more sweetly chaunts his Glycera and his yellow-hair'd Chloe.

—

A wit tells us, that among other schemes which the projectors of the present day have devised to relieve the distress of the English poor, on account of the exhorbitant price of provisions, is the adoption of the plan of Chrysippus, the Stoic philosopher of Tarnos—*the eating of dead bodies. This may be very strenuously enforced from a variety of considerations; and there is no good reason why a Bacchanalian should not eat as well as a snipe or a woodcock, since they all live upon *suction*.

* My Lord Monboddo says, that man's flesh, (perhaps he meant to say *woman's*) is the *sweetest* of all meats to the taste of man

An indolent witling is made to say to his servant, I put myself in the place of the letter Q, as I certainly ne'er can do without U.

—

Jarvis and Sons have advertised *improved Coffins* for the *security* of the dead. Their advertisement runs thus—"It must afford a great consolation, and a *pleasing* satisfaction to any gentlemen or lady, to be certain that no one can steal their bones after they are dead; and they defy any one, who is *pleased* to be buried in one of their coffins, to be taken out by any means."

[London paper.

—

Dreams are considered by the Indians as prognostics meriting serious attention, and it is esteemed a compliment to wish them happy nocturnal visions. The following anecdote appears as having been related to Colonel Crawghan by Sir William Johnson:—

One day (said Sir William) an old Mohawk came to me, and said, "My father, I dreamt last night that you had given me a fine gold laced scarlet coat, and a laced hat." "Do you speak truth to me," said I—"Yes, on the word of a Sachem," replied he—"Well then, you shall not have dreamt in vain; I will give you both."

The next day having invited him to beakfast, I said to him, in my turn, "Henry, I likewise dreamt last night." "What have you dreamt, my father," demanded he. "I dreamt, said I, that you had given me a little patch of land, called *Acerouni*, on the *Tienaderha*." "How many of thy *acres* is this little patch of land?" "Ten thousand, answered I. After some minutes consideration, he said, "Well, like me, you shall not have dreamt in vain, I give you this patch of land; but do not dream again my father." And why not, Henry? Are not dreams involuntary?" "Thou dreamest too hard for me," said he, "we should shortly have no land left."——[Travels in Upper Pennsylvania, and in the State of New-York, by St. Jean de Crevecoeur.]

—

Dr. Young remarks, that he who admires not ancient authors, betrays a secret he would conceal, and tells the world he does not understand them.

—

Dean SWIFT and Dr. SMOLLETT, both lovers of humour, sanctioned by their practice, the following opinion of a late writer, who appears to know the world:—

To see men act from the honest dictates of nature, is, I think, always desirable. In polished societies, we behold nothing of this; we see there nothing of nature, 'tis all form and deceit; there is no friendship, no ingenuousness, but the whole party seem met together to dupe one another. Imposition is the order of the day, in act, word, and deed. In low life alone, must we seek for genuine, unaffected character.

—

Cheetham's Citizen begins to look black in the face. The tongue of its calumny is parched with lies, and strong symptoms of madness appear.

—

In London, a late writer remarks, a man of a reserved temper or recluse habits, may be as effectually hidden from the view of impertinents, and may enjoy as complete a literary *sequestration*,* as if he were in a forest. It is, indeed, as a good humoured author says, the best place for that, as it is, moreover, for *every thing else*. In London, no man need starve, even though he be honest; and he may regulate his expences better, obtain more equivalents for his money, and live at once more comfortably and more frugally, than in any other city in the world.

* Shakespear.

Of Bottiger, counsellor of the upper consistory, and director of the school at Weimar, it is said, that he posesses the rare talent of performing a multiplicity of business in a short time, on one and the same day he executes his scholastic labours, superintends the German Mercury, of which he is now the sole Editor, and the Journal of London and Paris, answers his numerous correspondents, &c. and yet in the evening appears at the theatre, and in the circle of his friends, with a cheerfulness and vivacity of mind, which, like his external appearance, seems not depressed by his intense and almost excessive application to study, but exhibits the union of the great talent of facility with the still greater one of profoundness.

—

A fellow well known in the district, lame, having also but one arm, and dressed in the habit of a sailor, was the other day with much vociferation begging near Tower-hill. A tar, who had just come out of a public house, where he had probably paid his reckoning and received change for a note, was, as he walked, counting his money with more attention than is usual to persons of this description. While he was thus usefully engaged, the beggar *set* him, and thrusting his hat before him, exclaimed, "Bless your noble heart, my worthy messmate, spare a few pence for poor Jack, stumped in the starboard arm, his knee-braces shot away, and turned out of the service without a smart ticket."

The sailor, still intent upon his calculation, which indeed seemed to require the utmost stretch of his arithmetical abilities, threw a shilling into his hat and was walking away. The lame fellow, flushed with success, limped after him, bawling out, "Bless you, my noble master! have you no more *small change* for poor Jack? My *bread room*'s quite empty indeed!"

"Avast, brother, avast!" said the sailor, as the beggar was pressing upon him, "Don't veer out so much jaw-rope, but sheer off while you are well. If I had given you the *ship* and *cargo*, you'd still have begged for the *long-boat*."

—

It has been elegantly observed, that in the dark ages, the Muses, with their attendant ARTS, in strange disguise and uncouth trappings, took refuge in the peaceful gloom of the Convent. Statuary carved a crucifix; Painting illuminated a missal; Eloquence pronounced the panegyric of a saint; and History composed a legend.

## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Several favours are under consideration,

Levius fit patientia.

We look impatiently for the productions of "Asmodeo." We hope that his leisure, as well as his inclination will enable him him to be a frequent and regular correspondent.

A very gay imitation of the "*Otium Divos*" of Horace has been addressed, by a classical friend, to a gentleman, who, we are confident, is as much pleased with the compliment and allusions, as the Editor can be. These English Sapphics shall appear in our next.

Our Biographical department will be, in future, enriched with a series of Lives, interesting in their incidents, elegant in their expression, and copious of information.

The poetical contributions of "Eliza," are always entitled to the particular attention of the Editor. Her two latest productions were of a very elegant character, and from the propriety in their descriptions, and the fluency of their verse were perused with a very continued satisfaction.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### *FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

TO THE MEMORY OF MISS M. P——

And is she now no more!
Of Genius, erewhile, the favourite child!
Few were her fleeting summer days:
Yet as each moment was by thought improv'd,
And as her mind, brilliant at once and solid,
On trifles ne'er its energies employ'd,
It haply were not wrong to say
Many have liv'd their three score years and ten,
With less of life.
To the light fluttering fop, of common mould,
Reckless, she sought resource within herself:
To the undeserving, she, with honest pride,
Express'd a just disdain:
But, for the few, whose merits she approv'd,
Her bosom warm'd with Friendship's brightest glow,
To those the treasures of her mind disclos'd,
With light inherent, genuine shone;
Grace, dignity, and poignant wit,
A knowledge, various and profound,
A taste, refin'd by converse with the world,
With fascinated eye, and ravish'd ear,
What time they listen'd and they gaz'd,
Wrapt in celestial fantasies, it seem'd
An angel soul illum'd an angel form.

—

### *FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

[In common with all the partizans of Shakspeare, we have always admired those admirable reflections, inspired by the "humorous sadness" of Jaques, when he fixes the epochs of life, and describes, with an equal mixture of truth, justice, and satire, the frivolous pursuits of man, and the vanity of the *vanity fair* of this world. A parody, applicable to the characters of women, was suggested to a poetical friend, and has been obligingly performed. The Editor is well pleased with its spirit, humour, and ease; and he anticipates that the publick will not dissent from an approbation of its merits.]

All the world's a stage,
And all the *women* in it merely players—
They have their exits and their entrances,
And each one in her time plays many parts,
Her acts being seven ages. First; the child,
Mewling and pouting for a sugar-plumb;
With frown affected, on her gaudy doll
Inflicting chastisement for fancied faults.
And then the girl at school, with mind intent
On mischief, when the busy pedagogue
Averts his eyes. Then the romantic miss,
With hair in buckles for th' expected ball,
Sighing like furnace o'er the novel's page,
Glancing her languishing and streaming eye
At looking-glass. And then, the new-made bride,
Full of strange whims, at auctions and at balls,
At milliner's, and shops, and theatres
Spending her husband's money, and with tears
Gaining the favours that caprice creates.
And then the prim old maid, with eyes severe,
And cap of formal cut, in rustling silk,
Trotting from house to house to pick up news,
And news report—and so she plays her part.
The sixth age shifts into the widow'd dame,
In chamber dark, with sable curtains hung,
With heart high bounding at the voice of Hope,
That promises new lovers; while her eyes,
In piteous streamings, tell collected friends
That all their proffer'd consolation's vain,
Since her dear husband's gone. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, capricious history,
Is second childishnes, and mere garrulity—
The aged dame, with spectacles on nose,
From morn till night, in chimney corner bent,
Tells of old times, and, with uplifted hands,
And lengthened groan, how sinful grows the world!
Yet still she hopes to live, and plans new schemes,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

### *FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

[Should the Editor of the Port Folio approve of the following translation of some elegant trifles, lately published at Rome, they may be followed occasionally by others from the same collection. Those now sent are, perhaps, too literal to give an adequate idea of the elegance of the original Italian; but they are attempts which were made in learning the language.
C. W.]

When Jove on Hymen did bestow
The pow'r o'er nuptials to preside,
He, to his brother of the bow,
Said—You for me the chains provide,
With roses, of a purple glow,
Love the flow'ry bonds composes,
But being blind, he did not know
The thorns to separate from the roses;
Whence comes it that the happiest pair,
Is subject to the hours of care?

—

One day the God of Love, in joke,
From his bright eyes the bandage took,
Which across his mouth he put;
But this thought could never last,
For Love perceiv'd his influence past,
The moment he was mute.

## SELECTED POETRY.

[From among the animating kisses of the impassioned Joannes Secundus, we transcribe the following tribute to the rosy lips of his mistress; the delicacy and warmth of which might thaw the breast of an anchorite. A translation is requested.]

Qualem purpureo diffundit Mane colorem
Quæ rosa Nocturnis roribus immaduit:
Matutina rubent Dominæ sic Osculæ nostræ
Basiolis, longâ Nocte, rigata meis.
Quæ, circùm, facies, niveo candore, coronat;
Virginis ut violam cùm tenet alba manus.
Tale novum seris cerasum sub floribus ardet;
Æstatemque, & Ver cùm simul arbor habet.
Me miserum! quare, cùm flagrantissima jungis
Oscula, de thalamo cogor abire tuo?
O! saltem, labris serva hunc, Formosa, ruborem;
Dum tibi me referet Noctis opaca quies!
Si tamen interea cujusquam basia carpent,
Illa meis fiant pallidiora genis.

—

[The ensuing translation of one of the sublimer odes of Horace, is given by Mr. Hunt, in a style of energy and animation not unworthy of the original.]

Descend, celestial Queen of song,
Thy long majestic strain inspire?
Wake the shrill raptures of thy tongue,
Or sweep the master's lyre!
Hark! do I hear? or does a dream
Of transport thrill my trembling frame?
I seem to hear and wandering stray
Through b est Elysium's sacred ground;
Streams glide in murmurs down my way,
And Zephyrs warble round.

Once, as on Vultur's mount I lay,
Stol'n from the sweet fatigue of play,
Romantic doves green myrtles shed
Upon my young unconscious head;
And all the neighbouring swains, who rove
Along their shady Bartine grove,
And they, for whom first dawns the light
On Acherontia's airy height,
And rich Tarentum's pleasant vale,
Admir'd the strange and artless tale,
That the black snake and prowling bear
Should from my sleep, unseen, be driven,
And laurels shade the fearless care
Of providential Heaven.

Thine am I, thine, ye Muses, still,
Or rising on my Sabine hill,
Or shiv'ring on Prænestе's arms;
Or as I bend my wand'ring feet
Through sloping Tibur's soft retreat,
Or Baiæ's wat'ry charms.
Philippi's red, and mournful fate,
The hated oak's o'erwhelming weight,
Stern Palinurus' stormy wave,
Have threaten'd him, the bard, in vain,
To whom the Muse her fountains gave,
Her dance and lively strain.

With you I'd brave the stormy waves,
Where dark ey'd Bospor wildly raves,
Or tread the hot Assyrian coast,
Amid the sandy whirlwind tost;
With you I'd fearless scorn to bow
Beneath the Briton's giant brow.
Inhospitably stern,
With you, sweet smiling at my side;
Bold to the fierce Cantabrian turn,
Drunk with the courser's noble blood,
Or winds or billowy storm deride,
And stem the Scythian flood.

—

[The elegant ode by HORACE, addressed to his cup-bearer, in which the poet exhorts his servant to be careless of too magnificent a decoration of his board, is finely, though diffusely, rendered by Miss SEWARD, whose literary habits, classical taste, and poetical genius, deserve the praise of every reader.]

Boy, not in these autumnal bowers
Shalt thou the Persian vest dispose
Of artful fold, and rich brocade;
Nor tie in gaudy knots the sprays and flowers.
Ah, search not where the latest rose
Yet lingers in the sunny glade;
Plain be the vest, and simple be the braid.

I charge thee, with the myrtle wreath,
Not one resplendant bloom entwine;
We both become that modest band,
As stretch'd my vineyard's ample shade beneath,
Jocund I quaff the rosy wine;
While near me thou shalt smiling stand,
And fill the sparkling cup with ready hand.

## EPIGRAMS.

### *FOR THE PORT FOLIO.*

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I send a couple of Epigrams; one from Boileau, the other, (as Mr. Duane would elegantly express it), from *myself*.

BENEDICT.

EPIGRAM FROM BOILIEU.

Ah! Climene, I have lost my heart;
That I'm in love, alas! is true—
This news with anger makes you start;
Climene, I'm not in love with you.

—

Thomas, of late, so gay and free,
You sang to love full many a glee,
Nor e'er from pleasure tarried;
Now alter'd quite—the form of woe!—
Ah, Ben, my friend, do you not know,
That I am—I am—*married!*

—

### IMPROMPTU.

Phillis, you little rosy rake,
That heart of yours I long to rifle;
Come, give it me, and do not make
So much ado about *a trifle*.

—

### A RIDDLE.

FROM BOILEAU.

The direst foe to man's repose am I;
To share my lot, ten thousand lovers sigh.
I feast on blood; and draw my vital breath,
Lock'd in the arms of him, who seeks my death.

PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR,
BY WILLIAM FRY,
AND PRINTED BY H. MAXWELL,
NO. 25, NORTH SECOND STREET.